

# MODERN ENGLISHMEN ANNUALLY CELEBRATE AT STONEHENGE IN MEMORY OF STRANGE PRIESTHOOD OF ANCIENT DRUIDS



SIR EDMOND ANTROBUY BEING MADE A DRUID

PROCESSION OF DRUIDS

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Special Correspondence of The Star.

**P**AGEANTS are being made in England just now. All the little towns that no one would hear of otherwise are blossoming out with fresh pageants every day. Verily, there's a new pageant born every day. Dumfries, Stratford, and even Tooting, have had their innings at pageant production, and now another county is heard from.

This time it is to be at Stonehenge—that queer cluster of huge stones which some one has called "the Sphinx of the British Isles." It is not mentioned just which stone of the cluster is the sphinx, but doubtless they are all sphinxes in their own peculiar way.

The Stonehenge pageant is to be the queerest one of all the odd revivals recently started in England. Real Druids, with a big "D"—will participate in the ceremonies, and the minds of the spectators can go way back to the interesting period—1000 B. C. These were the times when Druids held sway over the British Isles, and it was at this early date that the famous cluster of gigantic monoliths is supposed to have been put up at Stonehenge, which, in those days, was not even a railway station.

The Stonehenge of today has a wire fence around it. This is prosaic, but true. This galvanized fact is likely to trip up the poetic fancy as it roams carelessly through the historic Druidical ruins, but the present owner of the property—Sir Edmund Antroby—has been elected an honorary Druid himself. This brilliant diplomatic move on the part of the Druids in electing the baron "one of us" has failed to have the desired effect on the landowner, and every year even Druids have to shell out the shillings before they can get through the wire fence in order to hold their unique performance.

Direct descendants of the original Druids have to pay 25 cents a head to get into the enclosure, despite the fact that Baron Antroby has been elected an honorary Druid himself. This brilliant diplomatic move on the part of the Druids in electing the baron "one of us" has failed to have the desired effect on the landowner, and every year even Druids have to shell out the shillings before they can get through the wire fence in order to hold their unique performance.

The baron evidently believes that, like the rest of humanity, Druids will fall to raise what costs them nothing. He expects them to pay once a year for at least 25 cents' worth of the faith that is in them.

Be this as it may, Druids are not discouraged by the financial difficulties in their way. The great pageant is to come off this year—in about a month from the publication of this article—will be greater than ever. A thousand various London tailoring shops have been given sundry

orders for different parts of the mysterious gowns worn by the Ancient Order of Druids and Archdruids, and preparations for the strange ceremonial are now in full swing.

But really this Druid pageant is a very solemn business after all. On the day appointed for the opening festival a couple of hundred elderly gentlemen wearing stove-pipe hats and long gray beards—both put on for the occasion—march solemnly around the sacred enclosure, chanting strange songs. This is done to propitiate the Druidical deities, who are not supposed to have an ear for music.

To make the occasion still more impressive, it must be mentioned that the pageant is scheduled to begin exactly at sunrise, Greenwich mean time. They have to be rather particular about the astronomical time, because in England, where fogs prevail, it is very difficult to tell just when sunrise takes place. For that matter, even high noon is often a question of doubt, and this is why Greenwich has become a national institution.

The reason the Druids are such sticklers for clock work is because Stonehenge is said to have been originally a temple to the sun. Probably in those early days the position of the earth in the heavens gave England a larger slice of solar radiation than at present and the high priests could obtain a fairly good notion of the time by looking at the stones.

Druids of these times, adhering to their ancient rites, begin their solemn festival just as the sun is supposed to be rising, whether they can see it or not. After chanting their weird music in ancient Celtic lingo a number of Druidical hornblowers perform Wagnerian symphonies on ancient horns supposed to belong to animals of the stone age, but which on close examination curiously resemble the horns of the common or garden goat. But, as Sam Weller would say, "Goats is in when antihelvians is out," and so in lieu of the twisted cornucopia of the megalithism they must come down to the next best thing. The Druids are not altogether to blame for this. There certainly are caves in England dating back to the stone age period in which curiously shaped horns of extinct animals have been found. An expert on stone age horns, however, is of opinion that they are not very adaptable for musical instruments, for, being usually filled with petrified matter, they are more or less difficult to blow.

When the blast of horns has made the early dawn prick up its ears, the Druids get down to business. Each Druid, temporarily tucking in his long flowing



STONEHENGE—DRUID TEMPLE DATING BACK TO 1600 B.C.

beard, dons a garment that resembles a cross between a waiter's apron and a Roman toga.

It appears that ancient Druids had very pronounced color schemes. These robes are all the colors of the rainbow, with none of its harmonies. Blue, green, black, yellow, red, pink, purple, vermilion, and even snuff color, vie with each other in giving the human eye the time of its life. Lining themselves up in two rows to the number of about 250, they take their po-

sitions close by the outer edge of what was supposed to be the doorway of the ancient Druid temple. This doorway consists of two huge stones capped by a third monolith. These stones, by the way, are supposed to represent the supreme skill of human engineering, not even excepting the Pyramids. Some enthusiasts on ancient Druidism, whose knowledge of modern mechanics seems somewhat limited, maintain that the Stonehenge clusters exhibit powers as compared to which the 150-ton cranes at

the London docks or the Pittsburgh steel works are the merest toys.

When the parti-colored Druids have lined up, the archdruid walks solemnly down the line, carrying a bunch of mistletoe in one hand and a long wand in the other. The mistletoe typifies the fact that the Druids worship the oak and the wand indicates the magical powers which early Druids were once supposed to possess.

Speaking of these magical powers, it is asserted by the secretary of the Selbourne

Society, an authority on such matters, that the stones were placed in their present position by the great magician, Merlin. There is a legend to the effect that Merlin had a dispute with an Irish king, and a wager was made by Merlin that he could transport the huge stones through the air from Ireland to England in the twinkling of an eye. The dialogue between the Irish king and Merlin was something on this order:

Merlin (looking at the Druid temple in Ireland): "Before tomorrow morning I could make this entire temple—Druids and all—disappear from this spot."

The Irish king (quoting the motto on top of his rollop desk in Dublin Castle) said: "Do it now."

This is the first recorded instance of the use of this classic phrase.

Before the king could say "Jack Robinson" the stones began to fly, landing in England almost simultaneously. To the king's further astonishment, he saw in the place where the temple had been a vigorous crop of four-leaf clovers, fresh and very green.

For this feat he offered to make Merlin mayor of Belfast, but the honor was declined.

So much for the ancient, sacred legend. And now for the facts, as published by the Selbourne Society's secretary in order to account for the presence of these stones at Stonehenge.

Another theory, which, however, lacks the internal evidence of truth our first narrative possesses, is that the stones were put up by the people who belonged to the lost kingdom of Atlantis.

When the kingdom got lost the people of the Atlantic thought the best thing to do was to follow the idea so skillfully worked out in the Little Bo Peep affair. They deemed it best to leave it severely alone in the hope that it would eventually come home, and even bring its tale behind it. But it never turned up, and, after waiting up for it all night, the people decided to erect these great stones to mark the spot where it went down.

Sir Norman Lockyer, the famous astronomer, accounts for the Stonehenge stones by the statement that these ruins are the remains of what was once a great sun temple. He is of opinion that the stones were erected about the year 1600 B. C. He arrives at this date from arithmetical calculations, which are too complicated to interest the general reader. However, the figures, on Sir Norman's showing, appeared to be very convincing, although

the writer has not yet had the opportunity of checking them over.

Other theories to account for these stones are as follows: 1. Hebrew temple, built by Phoenicians who came to England looking for tin and trouble. 2. Built by American Indians before they went to America, so they could have something to look back on. 3. Built by the Romans. 4. Built by the Danes. 5. Built by the Egyptians.

You pay your money and take your choice. Personally, we think the Merlin proposition the most plausible from the purely architectural point of view.

As a matter of fact, after all these centuries, it seems very difficult to decide between all the various theories which have been advanced to account for the presence of the stones at Stonehenge. Perhaps it does not much matter any way.

Though the exact methods in which the stones of Stonehenge came upon the scene will thus appear to be involved in mystery, there seems little doubt of the fact that ancient Druids did have something to do with them. It is for this reason that today the Order of the Druids have continued to regard Stonehenge as the shrine of all their ancient splendor.

Speaking of the objects of the Druidical Society, one of the members recently told the writer:

"We are a body organized for fraternity, antiquity and good fellowship. While keeping up the historical associations of the ancient Druids, we consider that the trip to Stonehenge each year and the good dinner that forms part of the performances are conducive to general cheerfulness."

Just why Druids should be held up to modern veneration is somewhat difficult to understand. There is little doubt that the Druids, as such, were an ignorant, superstitious race, and their main belief involved the making of human sacrifices. They put their victims to death in various ingenious ways, the most popular of which was burning alive in great wicker baskets. During the incineration the Druid priests caused drums to be beaten and horns to be blown, so that friends of the victim could not hear the screams. It was considered quite unlucky for relatives to distinguish the actual voices of those who were being tortured to death.

The Druids of today take themselves very seriously, and every year thousands of visitors go to Stonehenge, which is about two hours' railroading west from London, to attend to one of the queerest serio-comic pageants to be witnessed anywhere in the world.

W. B. NORTHROP.

## Relic of Daniel Boone Preserved in Indiana

**O**NE of the most valued relics of the great hunter, Daniel Boone, is his powder-horn, which is now in the possession of Charles C. Shanks, a resident of Clay City, Washington county, Ind. The horn has been handed down in the family and its history is well established.

It was in 1807, when Indiana was yet much of a wilderness, that Samuel Shanks, grandfather of the present owner of the powder-horn, and a nephew of Daniel Boone, set out from Shelby county, Ky., on a business journey to the home of the great hunter, who had then moved to Missouri. They made the trip on horseback, and as there were but few settlements along the way they had a very hard time of it. From Kentucky they crossed the Ohio and took the wagon road to Corydon. For the rest of the way to Vincennes they were forced to depend upon the trail. Vincennes was still little more than a French settlement. Mr. Shanks in later years delighted to tell his children and grandchildren of the memorable journey. The two travelers prepared their meals of bacon or game and corn pone over a fire started with a flint. They were in danger from the attacks of Indians and wild animals many times. They crossed the Missouri at St. Louis. Land where the principal part of the city is now located could then have sold for \$1 per acre.

Shanks and his companion received a warm welcome from Daniel Boone, and they remained there for two weeks. The old hunter was then very feeble, but he still took pleasure in shooting deer at their watering places. When the young Kentuckians started homeward Daniel Boone presented the powder-horn to Shanks as a gift. The figure of an Indian and a fish were carved on the horn by Boone himself, and are still to be plainly distinguished. On the head of the Indian figure there is a crown. The figure is supposed to be that of one of the noted chiefs of the red men, whom Boone had thus chosen to honor with his friendship. The powder-horn is still well preserved despite its great age. Many curio hunters and museums have sought to purchase it to add to Boone collections, but Mr. Shanks refuses to part with it because of the family associations it bears, as well as being an authentic relic of the celebrated pioneer.

**Esperantist Phenomenon.**  
From the Manchester Guardian.

Esperanto may not be much better as an international language than Volapuk or any other of its forgotten predecessors, but the organization of Esperantists is a new phenomenon.

## DOUGHTY LITTLE GUNBOAT WASP SEEKING RECRUITS FOR THE NAVY

**A**DVERTISING the United States navy has become an important part of the work of the recruiting division of the Navy Department, and it is upon the completion of a six month's "boosting" cruise that the little United States gunboat Wasp is showing her prow northward through the waters of the South Atlantic coast. Since late in December the trim "kid-o-war" has been sticking her nose into all the principal ports along the gulf coast and up the Mississippi as far as Cairo, Ill., under orders to show the inlanders what a pleasant thing it is to be in Uncle Sam's sea service and what one of his pups of war looks like. This pleasant duty done, and a large number of young men recruited to the service to date, the Wasp is on her way home by way of the Jamestown exposition, where she will report to the Atlantic squadron and drop her hook in the roads for an indefinite visit.

The cruise of the Wasp has been attended by manifestations of great interest on the part of the river folk, the majority of whom had never been nearer the deck of a warship than the pages of an illustrated publication. The gulf towns had been visited before by cruising naval craft, and the appearance of the Wasp created no unusual stir, but when Chief Boatswain J. S. Croghan, the commander of the craft, swung her into the muddy mouth of the father of waters he was carrying the flag into waters that have been ploughed but a few miles by United States naval vessels since the stormy days of Farragut. Several years ago the denizens of the old river towns had a glimpse of the gunboat Nashville, but they have never had an opportunity to come in close touch with a naval vessel such as presented by the visit of the Wasp.

Taking their cue from the showman's methods, the Navy Department officials detailed an advance agent to precede the Wasp, visit the newspaper editors, deal out explanatory literature, look after the public posting and in every way arouse the interest of the townspeople in the coming of the little gunboat and in the naval service. The newspapers of the Mississippi valley devoted columns of space to the advent of the little ship, dilating upon her lines and equipment, her Spanish war service, when she conveyed the 1st District Volunteers to Cuba, and the incidents of her cruise. She was called in turn a battleship, cruiser, torpedo boat, destroyer, dispatch boat, gunboat and flagship of the Mississippi squadron, by enthusiasts but hardly nautical journalists, and Boatswain Croghan and his crew of forty picked men had many amusing encounters with inland ignorance of nautical matters.

The Wasp was formerly a private yacht,

being purchased and converted into a trim, business-like gunboat by the government just prior to the outbreak of hostilities with Spain. She cost the government about \$100,000, and was fitted with all the modern naval appliances. With a length of 180 feet, beam of 23 feet and draft of about 12 feet, she is a sturdy and seaworthy little craft, capable of sustaining a speed of six knots. Her draft and the height of her military masts prevented her from ascending the Mississippi above Cairo, a disappointment to many towns that had been expecting a visit from the pretty white and chrome vessel.

Throughout her cruise she was kept in spick and span condition, and her crew took special pride in their personal appearance, keeping their white duck suits immaculately clean and in every way endeavoring to present the most pleasant side of their service to the observation of the

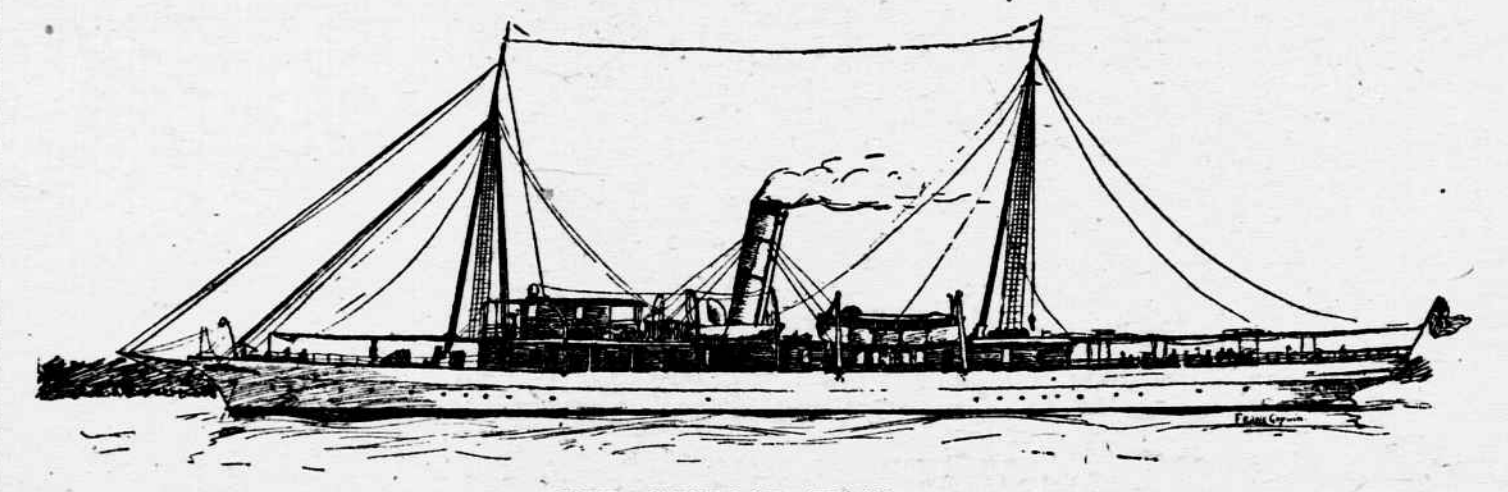
applicants in the cabin of the Wasp, where the enlistment papers were drawn up and the recruit then given a thorough medical examination by Dr. Rennie. The Wasp's commander and executive officer are among the picked men in the service, and were chosen for the work of recruiting principally because of their fine appearance and long service. Boatswain Croghan has seen sixteen years' service, much of it active, and Boatswain Clancy besides serving in the war with Spain was in the Boxer troubles in China and can show several medals for conspicuous bravery.

With such men as these in command and forty of the niftiest tars that ever touched a marine spike as a crew, the good little Wasp brought her message to those inlanders, showed them what life aboard one of Uncle Sam's war vessels is like, instilled in many a young landsman's heart

the list. When this account of her cruise was being written the Wasp had just cleared Ferdinandina and started up the Georgia coast on route by easy stages to Hampton roads.

Those Washington boys who back in '98 threw in their lot with the fortunes of war and went to the front as an organization known as the 1st District of Columbia Regiment of Volunteer Infantry will never forget the brave little Wasp as she lined up alongside the big transport Catania, at Tampa, on the morning of the start for Cuba, looking for all the world like a bristling fox terrier making faces at an elephant, and announced her intention to escort the troopship and protect it against the enemy.

"Catania, there! You will take position 800 yards off my port quarter. In case of



THE GUNBOAT WASP.

thousands of curious land folk that scrambled up the gangway at each port visited. In the places where Sunday stopovers were made frequently as many as 2,000 persons inspected the ship during the day. As an additional feature the crew organized a base ball team and engaged in friendly contests with organizations representing the towns visited. Here the landmen often achieved revenge for the "joshing" they had rendered themselves subject to through their "land lubber" mistakes, by dealing mercilessly with the sea-legged Jackies at the great American game.

Chief Boatswain Croghan, a former Washington boy by the way, has as brother officers on the cruise Passed Assistant Surgeon W. H. Reams and Boatswain J. Clancy, executive officer. Boatswain Croghan officiated as recruiting officer, recruit-

ing the first call of the sea, and then slipped down the river the way she had come with the best wishes of the river folk and the signatures of a goodly batch of embryonic gunners' mates safely stowed away in her commander's sea chest. She ran into New Orleans for coal and a few minor repairs, and then eastward along the gulf coast, putting in at a few ports and laying over for more coal at Key West.

It was late in March when the Wasp bade good-bye to Cairo after it had been found that the river was running too high to allow her to pass under the Cairo bridge on her return if she went up to Paducah. In easy stages she worked around to Key West, and a week or two ago made the northward swing through the Keys and turned her nose toward Hatteras. Several Florida ports were entered, a stop of several days being taken in Jacksonville, where a number of recruits were added to

attack move to my disengaged side and make away as rapidly as possible while I engage the enemy," was the megaphoned message of the doughty commander of the little gunboat, Lieut. Aaron Ward, now captain, and commanding the Pennsylvania in the Asiatic squadron. The confidence and sprunk manifested in the message was inspiring to the masses of troops that lined the rails of the transport, and they cheered their little escort to the echo.

Shortly after the start was made a strange vessel was encountered, apparently bound for Key West and showing no colors. "Show your colors," the Wasp signaled. There was no response, and speeding ahead the little tiercer sent a solid shot whistling past the bows of the mysterious vessel. Through the glasses there could be seen a scramble of figures on the deck of the stranger and the Norwegian flag climbed aloft to her masthead, whereupon she was

allowed to proceed without further molestation.

A day or two later, while skirting the northern coast of Cuba, but out of sight of land, Lieut. Ward suddenly gave the command for full steam ahead, and the Wasp raced off in the direction of the island. On board the Catania there was a scramble among the army officers for their field glasses, through which could be made out the smoke and superstructure of a battleship, toward which the Wasp was driving at top speed. The odds looked a thousand to one against the chances in battle of the little craft, but her gallant officers never hesitated, and she plunged ahead as though she were about to tear the formidable sea fort to smithereens. As they drew together the Stars and Stripes suddenly blazed from the big ship's peak and the troops on the transport broke a sigh of relief. The Wasp made herself known and calmly swung around and returned to her convoy.

Not long after rounding Cape Maysi Lieut. Ward excused himself to the slow-moving transport and dashed into Guantanamo harbor "for news." He and his brother officers feared that they were missing something, and could no longer restrain themselves. The Wasp returned to her charge without getting any action and brought her safely to Siboney. Barely waiting to say good-bye, the Wasp sped away to join the fleet at Santiago.

The little Wasp stuck close to the nearest thing to active engagements that could be found, and on several occasions her guns were used effectively, notably in the attacks on the defenses of Nipe bay, Cuba, where she and a few little craft of her kind engaged and destroyed the Spanish gunboat Jorge Juan and the fortifications; also in the successful attack on Cabanas, Cuba, and again during the blockade of San Juan, Porto Rico. Before her purchase she was known as the "Columbia."

**Ingenuous Office Boy.**  
From Harper's Weekly.

A New York business man was telling some friends not long ago of the disadvantages of having two telephones in his business office.

"A new office boy entered upon the discharge of his duties last week," said the merchant, "among which duties is that of answering the telephone calls. The very first call resulted in his coming to me with the statement:

"You're wanted at the 'phone by a lady, sir."

"Which one? I asked, thinking of the two 'phones."

"Well, sir," said the boy, after an embarrassed pause, "I-I think it's your wife, sir."

## More Details About the New Anesthetic

**C**ONSUL F. W. MAHIN, in a report from Nottingham, England, describes a new anesthetic called "stovaine," which when injected into the spinal column prevented pain, but did not produce unconsciousness. He states that a London publication now gives additional details, as follows:

"It produces paralysis of the body below the point of injection and removes all sensation from the limbs, so that it has been found possible to amputate a man's leg while the patient retained consciousness, and could, had he been allowed to do so, have even witnessed the operation. The patient could feel no pain, and after the operation and when sensation returned experienced nothing but the sense of bruising, which is one of the sequelae of grave operations.

"For some time experiments with 'stovaine' were confined to hospital cases, but we believe we are correct in saying that over a hundred cases have now been treated in private practice. The anesthetic is, of course, of the greatest use in minor operations and in those where, owing to the patient's age or heart weakness, the administration of chloroform would be dangerous. It has been used in several gynecological cases, and there is no evidence that any danger attends its use or that, given proper administration, any prejudicial factors accompany or follow its use.

"It is, however, a drug of great potency and demands the most skilled administration; so that for a time, at any rate, its application will be restricted to skilled operators. The curious name of the anesthetic, 'stovaine,' is due to its discoverer, M. Fournereau. M. Fournereau was anxious to perpetuate his own name in connection with it, but as the anesthetic was of the nature of cocaine and no compound resembling that could be contrived out of 'Fournereau,' he translated the name into its English equivalent of 'stove' and added the necessary termination."

**The Usual "Envelope."**

From the Kansas City Star.  
A Kansas editor mentioned that he sometimes received a letter "with a 'V' in it" after the paper had contained a painstaking wedding notice or obituary. "We sometimes receive envelopes on such occasions ourselves," says the Herington Sun. "They usually contain a note saying: 'I enclose find 2 cents postage, for which send us four copies which has the notice of our daughter's wedding. We are sorry you made such a mistake as to say 'the bride was dressed in pink chiffon.' It wasn't chiffon at all, it was tulle. Yours respectfully, etc.'"